

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS

UNTIL TO-MORROW.

If you have a task to do,
That seems as if you'd ne'er get through,
Believe me that the wisest way
Is to begin the task to-day.

If you have a word unsaid,
Spoken would make one comforted,
Go find that one, and say it straight,
It is a word that can not wait.

If you can do a kindly deed,
Can heal the sick or hungry feed,
Do not leave the deed undone
Until you see to-morrow's sun.

But angry word and selfish way
Are best put off another day.
And then another day again,
Postpone what gives another pain.

So keep the hasty speeches down,
And make a smile chase back the frown,
In silence let ill temper lie,
For an eternal by and by.

—Eva Lovett Carson, in N. Y. Independent.

A MODERN JOHN ALDEN.

Aaron Pennel's Ruse Worked Like a Charm.

"If in all our lives you need me—if there should be any thing that I can do for you—I swear to do it," said Julian Hicks. "You can ask me nothing which, at any personal sacrifice, I will not endeavor to accomplish. I mean that when I say it. I beg of you to remember it. You are rich—I am poor. You are somebody—I am nobody. But the time may come when the promise is worth something, and, on the honor of a gentleman, I will keep it."

An hour before this speech was made Aaron Pennel had saved Julian Hicks' sister from a watery grave and brought her safe in his strong arms to the very spot upon the beach of Northtown where the two men now stood together. And Ada Hicks was in very truth a pearl of great price to her brother Julian—the only one of his near kin still living, younger than himself by ten good years, and from her birth a pet and plaything. So he made this vow to the man beside him, hitherto a mere acquaintance, in the fullness of his gratitude to one that had done all that one could do for another.

There were never two men so utterly unlike as Julian Hicks and Aaron Pennel. The first, a hard-working professional man, who had struggled for such little success as Fate had meted out to him, unaided save by his own hands and brain; not handsome, not showy; his greatest charm a certain gentle sweetness, peculiarly manifested to women. The other, a man who had had Fortune for his friend from his birth; who neither toiled nor spun; who was very handsome, very elegant, very charming, a man of society, and one with whom fine women might easily fall in love.

But from that day they were friends, not only as the world goes, but in very truth. And so it came to pass that walking one day, arm in arm (after their return from the seaside to town) they met Amy Atkins, that Aaron introduced her to Julian, and, that, a few evenings afterwards, Aaron took Julian to call upon her.

She was an heiress. She was beautiful or had the name of being so. Her eyes were black and velvety; her hair, nature's own bright gold. All the enamel in the chemists' shops could not make a complexion like hers. But that tells you nothing about the woman—the frank, sweet, sparkling, womanly woman with whom Julian fell in love before he had known her a month, though it seemed to him that he must in some mysterious way have known her ever since he began to guess what love was, since she did not seem so much like a new friend as one long loved and hoped for.

Wrapt up in his profession as an architect, engrossed by struggles for bread and butter, which, while they seldom prevent a man from doing great things, always unfit him for society, Julian had known few women of Miss Atkins' position. He had no experience by which to guide himself, or by which to measure his own feelings. For a while he did not suspect he was in love, and so was drawn nearer and nearer to the whirlpool, until, when the truth at last dawned upon him, there was no retreat. He whose means were insufficient for any thought of matrimony had lost his heart to the heiress. He who, in his adoration of human beauty, had sometimes almost hated himself for being so very plain, loved and worshipped the loveliest woman the sun shone on!

It was out of the question that she should like him. It was impossible for him now to cease to love her—to be happy without her—to leave her and see her no more! As the moth, which has fluttered about a flame until its wings are singed, is still tempted to its doom, so he felt he must linger near the woman who had his heart in her keeping. That she could care for him never entered his mind; that she did would have been an absurdity too preposterous to dream of. But it was true, nevertheless. Amy Atkins, though too bright not to keep the fact a secret, had grown fonder of Julian Hicks than she had thought that she could be of any man.

So now the play began in earnest—a drama oftener acted than most people guess. Two hearts aflutter, while one would think, from look and speech and manner, that they were ice to each other—love guarding itself with a shield of calm good breeding!

Amy said: "If he care ever so little for me I will make very sure that he does not perceive I care one whit for him."

Julian said: "She shall never laugh at me though she does not love me. She shall respect me and never guess her power, whatever pain I may have to bear."

And so they met and parted, day after day, and no one fancied that any thing troubled the heiress but Aaron Pennel; and only two—the same Aaron Pennel and Julian's sister—saw how pale Julian grew—how sad his sweet mouth came to be—how at times a hopeless look was in his eyes. Poor Ada! who in her terror asked Aaron Pennel one day if he thought that her brother Julian was ill.

"He is so unlike himself," she said, with tears in her blue eyes. "He paces the floor of his room at night; he sighs bitterly; he works as hard as ever, but he does not care to play at all. I am frightened, Mr. Pennel."

And Aaron had said: "I think that your brother can not be very ill, Miss Ada; and if any thing troubles him, that the time must come very soon when that trouble will pass away and be changed for happiness."

"But do you know of any thing that can trouble Julian?" asked Ada.

And Aaron answered: "Perhaps I guess at something, Miss Ada, but I am not certain of it. Time will take care of it, I am very sure."

They were together a good deal now, Aaron and Ada. It had entered Julian's head at times that this splendid fellow liked his pet sister very well; of late, that it was possible that he loved her. But Ada, at seventeen, seemed a child to him, and he thought of this only as something the future might develop.

As she had said, he worked very hard; but toil could not banish the "haunted thought" of his life. It grew stronger instead of fading, as he had thought it might. His nights were sleepless hours of sad unrest. He feared for health and reason. At last he resolved to try what charm there might be in absence; to leave London, in which he could not dwell; forbidding himself to meet the woman he so hopelessly adored, and availing himself of an offer which promised to be a stepping stone to his professional success, but a barrier of miles of land and water between himself and Amy Atkins.

"It's a good offer," he said. "I shall make money and get on."

"You are doing well here," said Aaron, doubtfully.

"In one sense, yes," said Julian; "in another, no. A man must not peril his health or his reason. If danger threatens them from any quarter, he must shun it."

Aaron asked no explanation. He looked grave, and he held Julian's hand longer than usual when they parted—that was all.

The days flew by. Julian was ready for his departure. Aaron Pennel one morning sat in Julian's room and talked as people do when their minds are on some subject which they hesitate to mention.

At last he asked: "Have you bidden good-bye to Amy Atkins?"

Julian flushed and shook his head.

"It does not matter," he said, in a somewhat melancholy tone. "We shall not probably meet again, nor will she care."

"I think she would," said Aaron. "You will hurt her by going off in such a manner. I feel certain of that."

Julian shook his head again.

"I know she will not care," he said. "Why should she?"

"Because you do not care for her?" asked Aaron. "You are the only man I know who feels in that way towards Amy Atkins."

"I am not a ladies' man," said Julian; but he turned his head away to say the words.

In a moment more Aaron spoke again: "Julian, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but every man becomes one or both, under some circumstances. I have a favor to ask of you. You remember your promise to refuse me nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do," said Julian, simply, giving his friend his hand. Aaron took it tenderly.

"I want you to see Miss Atkins," he said. "I want you to tell her something which I have not the courage to tell her for myself—I have admitted cowardice, as you know, Julian—to tell her a love story, in fact, and see what she says to it. I could ask this of no one else. Will you do it?"

Julian stood dismayed. He—he, of all men, to undertake such a task as this!—he who loved Amy Atkins so madly! He stood bewildered. So Aaron, the handsome, brilliant, splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, position and appearance, loved the girl also. If so, she could not fail to love him in return. They were made for each other. That fancy that Aaron admired Ada was a mere dream, too. The little woman's heart, sweet little Ada, was thus unharmful. Aaron and Amy—Aaron and Amy! Yet it was all right; he had no doubt about it. It was natural; but why choose him for a go-between?

"I do not refuse, Aaron," he faltered, mindful of his promise, but white with despair; "but you need not fear. She will love you. You are not one to sue in vain."

"I am a coward," said Aaron; "in such a case as this I am a coward. You are a good fellow, Julian, and you will do it."

"But how?" asked Julian. "I know nothing of such things. I have never told any woman of my own love. I shall harm yours in telling. I will do it; but you must give me the words—the how—the when. It will be—terrible!"

He was deadly white now—not only pale; but Aaron went on unheeding:

"Tell her a story—this! You know a man who has loved her long, but who has never dared to say so. He feels that his own deserts are too small to entitle him to hope; but, on the eve of parting, he can restrain himself no longer; he must tell her that life is nothing without her; that her love is the only thing worth striving for; he must ask her in this strange way, because he has not courage enough to do otherwise; to bid him hope or despair. Then she will ask who this lover is, and you may tell her; but not until then, mind you—no; until all the story of the love is told. And you will bring me the answer."

Julian turned a ghastly face toward him and replied: "If I live!"

"And you will tell the tale just so—just as I have told you?" asked Aaron.

Again Julian answered: "If I live!"

Then he left Aaron and sought Miss Atkins.

She held out her hand, but he only bowed and seated himself beside her. In a moment more he said: "I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Atkins. I am commissioned to tell you a story."

"That of some poor person?" she asked. "You have only to say that you know him to be in need and worthy."

"It is the story of one who asks a gift," he said; "but not a gift of alms—a gift more precious than gold could be; and here, as he spoke the thoughts of his own soul in another's service, his voice trembled—"a gift that you can only give—you, of all the world."

Ada looked at him shyly now. In a moment more her eyes dropped and her fingers began to tingle with her rings, and the lace above her bosom to flutter softly.

"I know a man who has loved you for a long time," he went on, taking now a sort of fierce and bitter pleasure in this cruel usage of himself, framing from his own knowledge of his own love the tale of Aaron Pennel. "For months he has thought of you by day and by night, until there is but one woman in the world to him—the woman who is called Amy Atkins. Of all the objects that there are upon the horizon of the future, he only sees your face. He could do any thing for your sake; without you he will be nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard it in your voice; yet he would have you hear his story, and know his fate. His name—"

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He paused for an instant. In that instant Amy turned toward him and put her hand in his.

"My love is not worth so much," she said, tearfully, "but, since you value it so highly, it is yours. It always has been since I first knew you."

And tears came faster, and woman's hysterical sobs. And what could he do but take in his arms the woman he adored, and who had just admitted her love for him under the impression that he had proposed to her, and hold her with a lover's tenderness against his breast.

He was almost mad; he was quite distraught, indeed. The suddenness of his happiness was in itself enough. And then there was the awful remorse, the consciousness of a terrible breach of trust, when he thought of Aaron Pennel. His utter joy and his woeful shame mingled themselves in his soul, as, having bid Amy adieu, he found Aaron Pennel waiting for him not far from her house.

Aaron looked at him. Julian turned away his head, for he could not return the gaze of the man whom he had so wronged.

"What have you been doing?" asked Aaron. "Why do you look so?"

"How can I ever make you believe that I have not played you false?" faltered Julian; and then Aaron burst into a laugh.

"You have proposed to her," he said, "and she has accepted you?"

Julian could not answer.

"You have the right to take my life," he said, "but I—"

"Do you think I wanted to marry Amy Atkins?" said Aaron, "or that I dreamed she would accept me? I read your hearts too well. I know your love and your pride. I saw two who were made for each other tearing themselves asunder; and I took advantage of your foolish promise to place you in a position in which it was impossible for you to conceal your true feelings. Somehow, I felt sure you would understand each other; and at the worst, I should only have a refusal, and the reputation of being a rejected lover. My happiness, as I think you must guess, is only dependent on what Ada will answer me some day; and I think I shall have courage to do without your aid in this case."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Julian.

"Undoubtedly."

"And I am not dreaming?"

"No, perfectly wide-awake."

And so the end of the story is, that there was soon a double wedding; and, since Amy and Ada were the names of the two brides, it is easy to guess who were the bridegrooms.—N. Y. World.

—Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman lately finished his famous series of lectures on the Bible, which he began in 1904. There have been 25 annual courses of them, of 40 lectures each.

PEOULIARITIES OF PEOPLE.

EDISON, the wizard of electricity, now declines to see visitors at his Menlo Park laboratory. He is a very busy man, and he can not understand why his valuable, golden time should be sacrificed to people who simply call to "pay their respects."

MANY people will sympathize with Mr. Gladstone in his fondness for lying in a bed in the morning. He says: "I hate getting up in the morning, and I hate it every morning." He will not permit himself to think of current matters in politics after he goes to bed.

Few people know that the poet Whit-tier is color-blind, and has been so for years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday and seems to be in fairly good health. The weakness of age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than half an hour at a time.

A NEW ORLEANS letter-writer says that old Jubal Early, now an annex of the Louisiana lottery, goes slouching about the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel like a ghost of the past. One of his fads is that he will never accept a National bank note with a portrait of General Grant on it.

The Old, Old Story.

A little cough; a feeling ill;
A headache oft; a daily chill;
A slower walk; a quickened breath;
A frequent talk of coming death;
No strength to rise from day to day;
From loving e as he fades away.
Now lifts no more the weary head,
The struggle's o'er; the man is dead.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the old, old story. Yet not half so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that there was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages and the patient restored to health. This wonderful remedy, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

THOUSANDS of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

WHILE the true American does not believe in a King he will bet his last cent on four of them.—Terre Haute Express.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equitable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A WOMAN is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring.

If you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you ever did, try Dobbin's Electric Soap next washday. Follow the directions. Ask your grocer for it. Been on the market 24 years. Take no other.

That opera manager performed quite a feat who borrowed a tenner from the bank.—Hotel Gazette.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

In the National Bower discussion the marigold and tulip blossoms have been grossly neglected.—Rochester Budget.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—Christian World, London, Eng.

The conceit of some people is so strong that they admire their mistakes because they make them.—Atchison Globe.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 29.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers....	\$ 3 25	@ 4 05
Butcher steers.....	3 00	@ 3 45
Native cows.....	1 80	@ 3 05
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	8 50	@ 8 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	68	@ 68 1/2
No. 2 hard.....	62 1/2	@ 63
CORN—No. 2.....	22	@ 22 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	15 1/2	@ 16
RYE—No. 2.....	57	@ 57 1/2
FLOUR—Patents, per sack.....	1 85	@ 2 00
Fancy.....	1 45	@ 1 60
HAY—Baled.....	4 00	@ 7 00
BUTTER—Creamery.....	8	@ 8 1/2
CHEESE—Full cream.....	11	@ 12
EGGS—Choice.....	10	@ 10 1/2
BACON—Ham.....	5	@ 6 1/2
Shoulder.....	7	@ 8
Sides.....	6 1/2	@ 6 3/4
LARD.....	20	@ 20
POTATOES.....	20	@ 40

ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers....	\$ 4 00	@ 4 75
Butcher steers.....	3 05	@ 3 40
HOGS—Packing.....	8 50	@ 8 85
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	5 60	@ 5 90
FLOUR—Choice.....	8 50	@ 4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	76	@ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	26	@ 26 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	20	@ 20 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	41 1/2	@ 42
BUTTER—Creamery.....	20	@ 24
PORK.....	10 25	@ 10 37 1/2

CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers....	\$ 3 90	@ 4 75
HOGS—Packing and shipping	8 30	@ 8 85
SHEEP—Fair to choice.....	4 00	@ 5 40
FLOUR—Winter wheat.....	4 40	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	75	@ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	25 1/2	@ 26
OATS—No. 2.....	20 1/2	@ 20 3/4
RYE—No. 2.....	44	@ 44 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	18	@ 22
PORK.....	9 70	@ 9 75

NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Common to prime.	\$ 3 50	@ 4 95
HOGS—Good to choice.....	8 15	@ 8 30
FLOUR—Good to choice.....	4 40	@ 5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	85	@ 87
CORN—No. 2.....	27 1/2	@ 28 1/2
OATS—Western mixed.....	15	@ 16 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery.....	10 25	@ 13 00
PORK.....	10 25	@ 13 00

After Pneumonia

And attacks of influenza, typhus fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, the patient recovers strength slowly, as the system is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has just the elements of strength for the body, and vitality and richness for the blood which bring back robust health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are the recognized agents in the cure of Consumption. It is as palatable as milk.

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to cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 27, 37, 47, 57, 67, 77, 87, 97, 107, 117, 127, 137, 147, 157, 167, 177, 187, 197, 207, 217, 227, 237, 247, 257, 267, 277, 287, 297, 307, 317, 327, 337, 347, 357, 367, 377, 387, 397, 407, 417, 427, 437, 447, 457, 467, 477, 487, 497, 507, 517, 527, 537, 547, 557, 567, 577, 587, 597, 607, 617, 627, 637, 647, 657, 667, 677, 687, 697, 707, 717, 727, 737, 747, 757, 767, 777, 787, 797, 807, 817, 827, 837, 847, 857, 867, 877, 887, 897, 907, 917, 927, 937, 947, 957, 967, 977, 987, 997, 1007, 1017, 1027, 1037, 1047, 1057, 1067, 1077, 1087, 1097, 1107, 1117, 1127, 1137, 1147, 1157, 1167, 1177, 1187, 1197, 1207, 1217, 1227, 1237, 1247, 1257, 1267, 1277, 1287, 1297, 1307, 1317, 1327, 1337, 1347, 1357, 1367, 1377, 1387, 1397, 1407, 1417, 1427, 1437, 1447, 1457, 1467, 1477, 1487, 1497, 1507, 1517, 1527, 1537, 1547, 1557, 1567, 1577, 1587, 1597, 1607, 1617, 1627, 1637, 1647, 1657, 1667, 1677, 1687, 1697, 1707, 1717, 1727, 1737, 1747, 1757, 1767, 1777, 1787, 1797, 1807, 1817, 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1877, 1887, 1897, 1907, 1917, 1927, 1937, 1947, 1957, 1967, 1977, 1987, 1997, 2007, 2017, 2027, 2037, 2047, 2057, 2067, 2077, 2087, 2097, 2107, 2117, 2127, 2137, 2147, 2157, 2167, 2177, 2187, 2197, 2207, 2217, 2227, 2237, 2247, 2257, 2